Mr John Dryden .

Mr John Dryden .

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The Year of

WONDERS,

1666.

AN HISTORICAL

POEM:

CONTAINING

The Progress and various Successes of our Naval War with *Holland*, under the Conduct of His Highness Prince RUPERT, and His Grace the Duke of ALBEMARL.

And describing

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Multum interest res pascat, an homines latius imperare velint.
Trajan. Imperator. ad Plin.

Urbs antiqua fuit, multos dominata per annos. Virg

London, Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1667.

TO
THE METROPOLIS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
The most Renowned and late Flourishing
CITY of
LONDON,
In its
REPRESENTATIVES
The LORD MAYOR *and Court of* ALDERMEN, *the* SHERIFS *and* COMMON COUNCIL *of it.*

AS perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the Metropolis of any Nation, so is it likewise consonant to Justice, that he who was to give the first Example of such a Dedication should begin it

with that City, which has ſet a pattern to all others of true Loyalty, invincible Courage and unſhaken Conſtancy. Other Cities have been prais'd for the ſame Virtues, but I am much deceiv'd if any have ſo dearly purchas'd their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials then an expenſive, though neceſſary, War, a conſuming Peſtilence, and a more conſuming Fire. To ſubmit your ſelves with that humility to the Judgments of Heaven, and at the ſame time to raiſe your ſelves with that vigour

vigour above all humane Enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph; I know not whether ſuch trials have been ever parallel'd in any Nation, the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can indear affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs Lovers, through many difficulties; He, through a long Exile, various traverſes of Fortune, and the interpoſition

of many Rivals, who violently raviſh'd and with-held You from Him: And certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of Trade, that you might appear bountiful to your Country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's diſpleaſure, (frequent examples of them having been in the Reign of the moſt excellent Princes) then occaſions for the manifeſting of your Chriſtian and Civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Won-

Wonders is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You who are to ſtand a wonder to all Years and Ages, and who have built your ſelves an immortal Monument on your own ruines. You are now a *Phœnix* in her aſhes, and, as far as Humanity can approach, a great Emblem of the ſuffering Deity. But Heaven never made ſo much Piety and Vertue to leave it miſerable. I have heard indeed of ſome vertuous perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any vertuous Nation: Providence is engag'd too deeply, when

the cauſe becomes ſo general. And I cannot imagine it has reſolv'd the ruine of that people at home, which it has bleſſed abroad with ſuch ſucceſſes. I am therefore to conclude, that your ſufferings are at an end; and that one part of my Poem has not been more an Hiſtory of your deſtruction, then the other a Prophecy of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of all true *Engliſh-men*, ſo is by none more paſſionately deſired then by

The greateſt of your Admirers, and moſt humble of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

An account of the ensuing Poem, in a Letter to the Honorable, Sir Robert Hovvard.

Sir,

I Am so many ways oblig'd to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can onely live by getting farther into your debt. You have not onely been careful of my Fortune, which was the effect of your Nobleness, but you have been sollicitous of my Reputation, which is that of your Kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a Play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a Martyr, you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroick Subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress and successes of a most just and necessary War; in it, the care, management and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral, and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and Sea men, and three glorious Victories, the result of all. After this I have, in the Fire, the most deplorable, but withall the greatest Argument that can be imagin'd: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in Story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and Country in it. All Gentlemen are almost

oblig'd

oblig'd to it: And I know no reason we should give that advantage to the Commonalty of England *to be for most in brave actions, which the Nobleſſe of* France *would never suffer in their Peasants. I should not have written this but to a Person, who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his Honour and Generosity have call'd him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the Fire, I owe first to the Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his suffering Subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty and magnanimity of the City: both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have call'd my Poem* Historical, *not* Epick, *though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick, as any Poem can contain. But since the Action is not properly one, nor that accompliſh'd in the last successes, I have judg'd it too bold a Title for a few* Stanza's, *which are little more in number then a single* Iliad, *or the longest of the* Æncids. *For this reason, (I mean not of length, but broken action, ti'd too severely to the Laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank* Lucan *rather among Historians in Verse, then Epique Poets: In whose room, if I am not deceiv'd,* Silius Italicus, *though a worse Writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my Poem in* Quatrains *or* Stanza's *of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater dignity, both fro the sound and number, then any other Verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation.*

tion. The learned Languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any Rhyme; and were less constrain'd in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with Spondæes or Dactiles, besides so many other helps of Grammatical Figures, for the lengthning or abbreviation of them, then the Modern are in the close of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our Rhymes, I have always found the couplet Verse most easie, (though not so proper for this occasion) for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the Poet: but in Quattrains he is to carry it farther on; and not onely so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the Stanza is to be consider'd in the composition of the first. Neither can we give our selves the liberty of making any part of a Verse for the sake of Rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not currant English, or using the variety of Female Rhymes, all which our Fathers practis'd; and for the Female Rhymes, they are still in use amongst other Nations: with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their latter Poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or Verses of six feet, such as amongst us is the old Translation of Homer, by Chapman; all which, by lengthning of their

chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my Stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert, *and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are us'd at Sea; and if there be any such in another Language, as that of* Lucan *in the third of his* Pharsalia, *yet I could not prevail my self of it in the* English; *the terms of Arts in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it then any other words. We hear, indeed, among our Poets, of the thundring of Guns, the smoke, the disorder and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a Logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any Poetical description would vail their ignorance.*

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them, the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any Sea-man. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more then recompens'd by the pleasure; I found my self so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially

tially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inſpir'd me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfi'd, that as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I have ever had, excepting onely the Royal Family; ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better then what I have perform'd on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments, but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful: but here——— Omnia ſponte ſuâ reddit juſtiſſima tellus. I have had a large, a fair and a pleaſant field, ſo fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two Harveſts in a Summer, and in both oppreſs'd the Reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is onely counterfeit, it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of Arms is onely real: other greatneſs burdens a Nation with its weight, this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the Age, ſo is it the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of Kings, that we may praiſe his Subjects without offending him: doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own vertue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him: for the Good or the Valiant are never ſafely prais'd under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my Poem, I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavour'd to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all Poems is or ought to be of wit, and wit in the Poet, or

wit

wit writing, (if you will give me leave to use a School distinction) is no other then the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of Memory, till it springs the Quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or Idea's of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written, is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of thought, or product of that imagination. But to proceed from wit in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an Heroick or Historical Poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an Epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor Antithesis, (the delight of an ill judging Audience in a Play of Rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomasia: neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dress'd in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully then nature. So then, the first happiness of the Poet's imagination is properly Invention, or finding of the thought; the second is Fancy, or the variation, driving or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is Elocution, or the Art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant and sounding words: the quickness of the Imagination is seen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the

the accuracy in the Expreſſion. For the two firſt of theſe Ovid is famous amongſt the Poets, for the latter Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompos'd by one: his words therefore are the leaſt part of his care, for he pictures Nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of Dialogue or Diſcourſe, and, conſequently, of the Drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppos'd the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of Tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhowes remoteneſs of thought, or labour in the Writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own, he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty then the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs, as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that, if I ſee not more of their Souls then I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touch'd thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately then Virgil could. But when Action

or

or Persons are to be describ'd, when any such Image is to beset before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! we see the objects he represents as with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but we so see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the Soul of the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures, Totamque infusa per artus mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet; we behold him embellishing his Images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, pariusve lapis circundatur auro.

See his tempest, his Funeral sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas, and in his Georgicks, which I esteem the Divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battel of Bulls, the labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent Images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well appli'd to him which was said by Ovid, Materiam superabat opus: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject, and while we read him, we sit, as in a Play, beholding the Scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of Tropes

which

which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace *means in his Epistle to the* Pisos.

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum ——

But I am sensible I have presum'd too far, to entertain you with a rude discourse of that Art, which you both know so well, and put into practise with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, *I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my Master in this Poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my Images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accomptable to any of our little Criticks, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him then I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refin'd) upon his* Latin; *which, as I offer not to introduce into* English *prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in Verse; and, in this,* Horace *will again defend me.*

Et nova, fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta ——

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman *Poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing onely that*

it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he us'd this liberty but seldom, and with modesty: How much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prærequisits, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy, or the words, were his, or any others, I have noted it in the Margin, that I might not seem a Plagiary: in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well the tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroick Poesie, for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the Burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epique Poesie, and for the Historique and Panegyrique, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of Sculpture is to be used in them: if some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, Stantes in curribus Æmiliani, Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, Spirantia mollius æra: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern.

Some

Some who have ſeen a paper of Verſes which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutcheſs, *have accus'd them of that onely thing I could defend in them; they have ſaid I did* humi ſerpere, *that I wanted not onely height of fancy, but dignity of words to ſet it off; I might well anſwer with that of* Horace, Nunc non erat hic locus, *I knew I addreſs'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure, rather then the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay, I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance, but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the Readers. I leave them to ſpeak for me, and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.*

Verſes to her Highneſs *the* Dutchess, *on the memorable Victory gain'd by the* Duke *againſt the* Hollanders, June *the* 3. 1665. *and on Her Journey afterwards into the North.*

MADAM,

WHen, for our ſakes, your *Herne* you reſign'd
To ſwelling Seas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the Enemy,

You lodg'd your Countries cares within your breast;
(The manſion where ſoft Love ſhould onely reſt:)
And ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your Souls divide!
Your Honour gave us what your Love deni'd:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, then to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch Navies ſaw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give Law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea: [caſt,
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were
As awfully as when God's people paſt:
Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of Nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey.
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaſt vows! the wind and tyde
You brib'd to combat on the *Engliſh* ſide.
Thus to your much lov'd Lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought;
(So *Moſes* was upheld while *Iſrael* fought.)
While, from afar, we heard the Canon play,
Like diſtant Thunder on a ſhiny day,
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.

Ships,

Ships, Men and Arms our Country might reſtore,
But ſuch a Leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh then return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them, as his Slaves, to wait on you.
Thus Beauty raviſh'd the rewards of Fame,
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'rcame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By Land your Conqueſts far as his by Sea,
Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand *Cupid*'s ſtrong.
Like Commons the Nobility reſort
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court:
To welcome your approach the Vulgar run,
Like ſome new Envoy' from the diſtant Sun.
And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondring at the ſhow.
So when the new-born *Phœnix* firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen.
And, while ſhe makes her progreſs through the [Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train's increaſt:
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings, [wings.
And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their

And now, Sir, 'tis time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In concluſion,

I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny *speaks,* Nec sunt parum multi qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant; *I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withall consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favor you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my Fame and Reputation; & therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the Story of the Gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denyed the portion, christned all the children by his sirname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the Readers, to let them know that if there be anything tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,*

SIR,

The most obedient and most faithful of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charleton *in* Wiltshire, *Novem.* 10. 1666.

To the Readers.

NOtwithstanding the diligence which has been used in my absence, some faults have escap'd the Press: and I have so many of my own to answer for, that I am not willing to be charg'd with those of the Printer. I have onely noted the grossest of them, not such as by false stops have confounded the sense, but such as by mistaken words have corrupted it.

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 3. for *an* read *on*. page 5. in the Notes, read thus, *ponti armenta & magnas pascit, &c.* page 8. line 2. for *undertook* read *undertake*. page 10. in the note, for *naufragiunt est* read *fit naufragium*. page 15. line 3. for *aloud* read *a loud*. *ibid.* line 10. for *in distant order* read *in dreadful order*. page 33. line 3. for *own* read *one*. *ibid.* line 16. read, *and as the Surgeons*. page 41. in the note to the second Stanza, for *solisque vicis*, read *solisque vias*. page 47. line 3. for *flots* read *flats*. page 49. line 15. for *Verro* read *Varro*. page 53. line 5. for *smiles* read *smile*. *ibid.* line 11. for *falling* read *palling*. *ibid.* line 7. for *open* read *tender*. *ibid.* in the note, for *accruderet* read *accenderet*. page 63. line 2. for *night has* read *night-hags*.

Imprimatur.

Roger L'Eſtrange.

Novem. 22. 1666.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The YEAR of WONDERS,

M DC LXVI.

1.

IN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own.
Our King they courted, & our Merchants aw'd.

2.

Trade, which like blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stop'd in their Channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwrack'd on ſo baſe a Coaſt.

3.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
[a] In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew:
For them the *Idumæan* Balm did ſweat,
And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forreſts grew.

(a) *In Eaſtern Quarries, &c. Precious Stones at firſt are Dew, condens'd and harden'd by the warmth of the Sun, or ſubterraneal Fires.*

4.

The Sun but ſeem'd the Lab'rer of their Year;
[b] Each wexing Moon ſuppli'd her watry ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe Tides, which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full Veſſels to the *Belg'an* ſhore.

(b) *Each wexing, &c. according to their opinion, who think that great heap of waters under the Line is depreſſed into Tydes by the Moon, towards the Poles.*

5.

Thus mighty in her Ships, ſtood *Carthage* long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to *Rome*, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punick War.

6.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

7. Behold

7.

Behold two Nations then, ingag'd ſo far, (Land
That each ſeav'n years the fit muſt ſhake each
Where *France* will ſide to weaken us by War,
Who onely can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

8.

See how he feeds th' [c] *Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain;
And, while his ſecret Soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of *Spain*.

(c) Th' Iberian, *the* Spaniard.

9.

Such deep deſigns of Empire does he lay
O're them whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand:
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,
To whom with eaſe he can give Laws by Land.

10.

This ſaw our King; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels ballanc'd too and fro;
He griev'd the Land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it then Uſurpers do.

11.

His gen'rous mind the fair Idea's drew
Of Fame and Honour which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit an precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his Subjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful Kings o'r martial people ſet,
Each others poize and counter-ballance are.

13.

He, firſt, ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could main-
[tain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

14.

At length reſolv'd t'aſſert the watry Ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armado's bring:
Him, aged Sea-men might their Maſter call,
And chooſe for General were he not their King.

15. It

15.

It ſeems as every *Ship* their Sovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So here the skaly Herd when [d] *Proteus* blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the Sea.

(d) *When* Proteus *blows, or* Caeruleus Proteus immania pauti armenta, & magnas poſcit ſub gurgite Phocas. *Virg.*

16.

To ſee this Fleet upon the Ocean move
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the skies:
And Heav'n, as if their wanted Lights above,
For Tapers made two glareing Comets riſe.

17.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
Fir'd by the Sun, or ſeeming ſo alone,
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery Star,
Which looſes footing when to Mortals ſhown.

18.

Or one that bright companion of the Sun, [King;
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born
And now a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

19.

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the *Dutch* give place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

20.

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,
In *Britain*'s right that thou should'st wed the Main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing
And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should be slain.

21.

Lawson amongst the formost met his fate,
Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* State,
He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

22.

*Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves expir'd,
To which his pride presum'd to give the Law:
The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,
And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

* *The Admiral of* Holland.

23. To

23.

To neareſt Ports their ſhatter'd Ships repair,
Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air
When thunder ſpeaks the angry Gods abroad.

24.

And now approach'd their Fleet from *India*, [fraught
With all the riches of the riſing Sun: [brought,
And precious Sand from (e) Southern Climates
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

The attempt at Bergben. (e) *Southern Climates*, Guinny.

25.

Like hunted *Caſtors*, conſcious of their ſtore, [bring:
Their way-laid wealth to *Norway*'s coaſts they
There firſt the North's cold boſome Spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eaſtern Spring.

26.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey, [lie:
Which flanck'd with Rocks did cloſe in covert
And round about their murdering Canon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

27.

Fiercer then Canon, and then Rocks more hard,
The *English* undertook th'unequal War:
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barr'd,
Beſiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28.

Theſe fight like Husbands, but like Lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain [enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantick paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

29.

Amidſt whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd againſt them flie:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd Porc'lain fall,
And ſome by Aromatick ſplinters die.

30.

And though by Tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In Heavens inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And onely yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31. Nor

31.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms, repenting, part of it reſtor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Balthick Sea,
The Britiſh Ocean ſent her mighty Lord.

32.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex your ſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was onely kept to loſe it neerer home.

33.

The Son, who, twice three month's on th' Ocean (toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees, in *Engliſh* Ships the *Holland* Coaſt,
And Parents arms in vain ſtretch'd from the (ſhore.

34.

This carefull Husband had been long away,
Whom his chaſt wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their Father promis'd to return.

35.

[f] Such are the proud deſigns of human kind,
And ſo we ſuffer Shipwrack every where!
Alas, what Port can ſuch a Pilot find,
Who in the night of Fate muſt blindly ſteer!

(f) *Such are*, &c. *from* Petronius. Si, bene calculum ponas ubique naufragium eſt.

36.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill
Heav'n, in his boſom, from our knowledge hides;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft, for friends, miſtaken foes provides.

37.

Let *Munſters* Prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the [g] *German* faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the *Engliſh* firſt (reign!
That fraud and avarice in the Church could

(g) *The* German *faith*. Tacitus *faith of them*. Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos eſſe.

38.

Happy who never truſt a Strangers will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39. Till

39.

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations ſtrove:
The reſt, at gaze, without the Liſts did ſtand:
And threatning *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.
War declar'd by France.

40.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Hollands* trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t'enjoy!
Whoſe noiſefull valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

41.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhow:
Which *Charles* does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks, nor ſhuns his foe.

42.

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:
France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave.
But when with one three Nations joyn to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

43. *Lewis*

43.

Lewis had chas'd the *English* from his ſhore;
But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite.
VVould Heav'n for each ſome *Salomon* reſtore,
VVho, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44.

VVere Subjects ſo but onely by their choice,
And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,
Our Prince alone would have the publique voice;
And all his Neighbours Realms would deſart make.

45.

He without fear a dangerous VVar purſues,
VVhich without rathneſs he began before.
As Honour made him firſt the danger chooſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtues ſcore.

46.

The doubled charge his Subjects love ſupplies,
VVho, in that bounty, to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their *Nilus* riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

47. VVith

47.

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,
Two ſuch, as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone:
Each able to ſuſtain a Nations fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.
Prince Rupert *and Duke* Albemarl *ſent to ſea.*

48.

Both great in courage, Conduct and in Fame,
Yet neither envious of the others praiſe.
Their duty, faith, and int'reſt too the ſame.
Like mighty Partners equally they raiſe.

49.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign;
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe Beauties they would [gain.

50.

The Duke, beheld, like *Scipio*, with diſdain
That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, riſe once more:
And ſhook aloft the Faſces of the Main, [fore.
To fright thoſe Slaves with what they felt be-

51.

Together to the watry Camp they haſte,
Whom Matrons paſſing, to their children ſhow
Infants firſt vows for them to Heav'n are caſt,
And [h] future people bleſs them as they go.

(h) *Future people,* Examina infantium futuruſque populus. Plin. Jun. in pan. ad Traj.

52.

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Aſian* train,
T' infect a Navy with their gawdy fears:
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain;
But war, ſeverely, like it ſelf, appears.

53.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where e'r they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its Image on their men project.

54.

Our Fleet divides, and ſtraight the *Dutch* appear
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold:
The Narrow Seas can ſcarce their Navy bear,
Or crowded Veſſels can their Soldiers hold.

Duke of Albemarl's *Battel, firſt day.*

55. Th

55.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering Guns aloud defiance roar,
And bloudy Croſſes on his Flag-ſtaffs riſe.

56.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight,
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' *Elean* Plains could boaſt no nobler ſight,
When ſtrugling Champions did their bodies [bare.

(i) *Th' Elean, &c. Where the Olimpick Games were celebrated.*

57.

Born each by other in a diſtant Line,
The Sea-built Forts in diſtant order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not Fleets did joyn,
[k]But Lands unfix'd, and floating Nations, ſtrove.

(k) *Lands unfix'd, from* Virgil: *Credas innare revulſas Cycladas, &c.*

58.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack,
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

59. On

59.

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble Fregats go:
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd
By the *Rhinocero's* hot unequal foe.

60.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

61.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole wad receives.
All bare, like some old Oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

62.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought,
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their face his ship to Anchor brought,
And Steeple high stood propt upon the Main.

63.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw.
With such respect in enter'd *Rome* they gaz'd,
Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

64.

And now, as where *Patroclus* body lay,
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, & there the *Greek*:
Ours o r the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of *Britain* seek.

65.

Mean time, his busie Marriners he hasts,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore:
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher then before.

66.

Straight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th'important quarrel to decide.
Like Swans, in long array his Vessels show,
Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide.

67.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.
Berkley alone who neereſt Danger lay,
Did a like fate with loſt *Creuſa* meet.

68.

The night comes on, we, eager to purſue
The Combat ſtil, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69.

In th'*Engliſh* Fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great Lead'rs fame.
In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they ſtill deſtroy,
And, ſlumbring, ſmile at the imagin'd flame.

70.

Not ſo the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary Oxen lie:
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.)

71.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, ſhipwrack'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark Churches walk among the dead:
They wake with horrour, & dare ſleep no more.

72.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till, from their Main-top, joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

Second days Battel.

73.

Our watchful General had diſcern'd, from far,
This mighty ſuccour which made glad the foe.
He ſigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,
[1] His face ſpake hope, while deep his ſorrows flow.

(1) *His face, &c.* Spem vultu ſimulat premit alto corde dolorem. *Virg.*

74.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore:
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)
They, not their wounds but want of ſtrength deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

75.

Then, to the reſt, Rejoyce, (ſaid he) to day
In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies:
Among ſo brave a people you are they [Prize.
Whom Heav'n has choſe to fight for ſuch a

76.

If number *Engliſh* courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhun'd, not met our foes;
Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful onely tell:
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers [grows.

77.

He ſaid; nor needed more to ſay: with haſt
To their known ſtations chearfully they go:
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Sollicite every gale to meet the foe.

78.

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
But, bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our Navy ſcarce could ſheer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

79.

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd ſo far, [fought.
That, like the Sword-fiſh in the Whale, they
The Combat onely ſeem'd a Civil War,
Till through their bowels we our paſſage [wrought.

80.

Never had valour, no not ours before,
Done ought like this upon the Land or Main:
Where not to be o'rcome was to do more
Then all the Conqueſts former Kings did gain.

81.

The mighty Ghoſts of our great *Harries* roſe,
And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious eyes,
To ſee this Fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their *Charls* ſhould [riſe.

82.

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer, [ſend:
And raking Chace-guns through our ſterns they
Cloſe by, their Fire-ſhips, like *Jackals*, appear,
Who on their Lions for the prey attend.

83.

Silent in ſmoke of Canons they come on:
(Such vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)
In theſe the height of pleas'd revenge is ſhown,
Who burn contented by another's ſide.

84.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,
(Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome friend)
Two grapling *Ætna*'s on the Ocean meet,
And *Engliſh* fires with *Belgian* flames contend.

85.

Now, at each Tack, our little Fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd fowl, ſwim lagging on the Main.
Their greater loſs their numbers ſcarce confeſs
While they loſe cheaper then the *Engliſh* gain.

86.

Have you not ſeen when, whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some Falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And, with her eagerneſs, the quarry miſs'd, [wind.
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the

87. The

87.

The daſtard Crow, that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the Groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
Who, ſafe in numbers cuff the noble Bird.

88.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarl* did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to flie.
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling *Ceſar*, decently to die.

89.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And, generouſly, with his diſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

90.

Let other Muſes write his proſp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
VVhich, like the Sun's, more wonders does af-
[ford.

91.

He drew his mighty Fregates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employes:
His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,
Remote from Guns as ſick men are from noiſe.

92.

His fiery Canon did their paſſage guide,
And foll'wing ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe.
Thus *Iſrael* ſafe from the *Egyptian*'s pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

93.

Elſewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the *Aſian* Empire overthrew.

94.

The foe approach'd: and one, for his bold ſin,
Was ſunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was ſlain;)
The wild waves maſter'd him, and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling Eddies dimpled on the Main.

95.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood;
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet,
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not perſue, but wait on his retreat.

96.

So *Lybian* Huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the Lion chace:
The Kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
[m] And ſlowly moves, unknowing to give place.

(m) *The ſimile is* Virgil's, Veſtigia retro improperata refert, &c.

97.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round:
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling Horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night,
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

(n) *Weary waves, from* Statius Sylv. Nec truculbus fluviis idem ſonus: cecidit horror corporis, ac tenis maria acclinata quieſcunt.

99. The

99.

The Moon ſhone clear on the becalmed floud,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the Deck our careful General ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ° ſucceeding day.

(o) *The third of* June, *famous for two former Victories.*

100.

That happy Sun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our Navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his Star for me.

101.

Yet, like an *Engliſh* Gen'ral will I die,
And all the Ocean make my ſpatious grave.
Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,
The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the brave.

102.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnants of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,
And burning ſhips, the Martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the Eaſtern sky.

103.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his onely guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb Cannon ſent,
And ſolitary Guns are ſcarcely heard.

Third day.

104.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with vertue be at ſtrife:
This, as a Ranſome *Allemarl* did pay
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

105.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears, [knows:
Whoſe waving Streamers the glad General
With full ſpread Sails his eager Navy ſteers,
And every Ship in ſwift proportion grows.

106.

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,
And from that length of time dire *Omens* drew
Of *Engliſh* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days but to purſue.

107.

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey)
To her now ſilent Eiry does repair,
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108.

Stung with her love ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

109.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the Prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, abſent, every little noiſe can wound.

110.

As, in a drought, the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clowds for rain,
And firſt the Martlet meets it in the sky, [train
And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd

111. Wit

111.

With ſuch glad hearts did our diſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the Princes Fleet:
And each ambitiouſly would claim the Ken
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

112.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rowling thunders roar,
And ſheets of Lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

113.

Full in the Princes paſſage, hills of ſand
And dang'rous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides skim o'r the cover'd Land,
And Sea-men with diſſembled depths betray:

114.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels, fear'd
This new *Meſſiah*'s coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving Veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

115. But

115.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame when ere he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth does boaſting valour ſlight.

116.

Heroique virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

117.

But, when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and *Albemarl* together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

118.

The chearful Souldiers, with new ſtores ſuppli'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenfull will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they tri'd,
Wiſh one, like *Joſhuah*'s, when the Sun ſtood (ſtill.

119, Thus

119.

Thus re-inforc'd, againſt the adverſe Fleet
Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way.
With the firſt bluſhes of the Morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

Fourth days Battel.

120.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud Guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart agen.

121.

The *Dutch*, too well his mighty Conduct knew,
And matchleſs Courage ſince the former fight:
Whoſe Navy like a ſtiff ſtretch'd cord did ſhow
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

122.

The wind he ſhares while half their Fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows,
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms beſtows.

123. Behind,

123.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he ſails:
(p) So glides ſome trodden Serpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded vollume trails.

(p) *So glides, &c. from* Virgil. Quum medii nexus, extremæque agminis cauda ſolvuntur; tardéque trahit ſinus ultimus orbes, &c.

124.

Th' increaſing ſound is born to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing Nations fear.
Their paſſion, double with the Cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

125.

Pli'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy Navy waſts away:
So ſicken waning Moons too neer the Sun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

126.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their Ships like waſted Patrimonies ſhow:
Where the thin ſcatt'ring Trees admit the light,
And ſhun each others ſhadows as they grow.

127. The

127.

The warlike Prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the Main;
Which, with his own, ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

128.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs Sailors fall.

129.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to ſhades below:
Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their ſight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the boar'd the Prince's Main-maſt bore:
All three now, helpleſs, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

131.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful Hare maintain
A Courſe, till tir'd before the Dog ſhe lay:
Who, ſtretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Paſt pow'r to kill as ſhe to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,
His warm breath blows her ſlix up as ſhe lies:
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

133.

The Prince unjuſtly does his Stars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on:
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wiſe *Batavian* takes,
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
[q] Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'r-come.

(q) *From* Horace: Quos opinius fallere & effugere eſt triumphus.

135. Th

135.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can perſue:
Laſting till Heav'n had done his courage right,
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

136.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watry field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful *Dutch*,
He onely does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too *little* what they found too much.

138.

Return'd, he with the Fleet reſolv'd to ſtay,
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:
Domeſtick joys and cares he puts away,
For Realms are houſholds which the Great muſt guide.

139.

As thoſe who unripe veins in Mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another day.

140.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay, and rudiments of great ſucceſs,
Which all-maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour
[bleſs.

141.

Heav'n ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and Kings work, when they their work ſur-
And paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find. [vey

142.

In burden'd Veſſels, firſt, with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous Stores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend
Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,
And as the Chyrurg'ons of maim'd ſhips attend

His Majeſty repairs the Fleet.

143. Wit

143.

With Cord and Canvaſs from rich *Hamburgh* [ſent,
His Navies molted wings he imps once more:
Tall *Norway* Fir, their Maſts in Battel ſpent,
And *Engliſh* Oak ſprung leaks and planks reſtore.

144.

All hands employ'd, the Royal work grows warm,
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,
Some ſound the Trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted Lillies play:
(r) Fervet opus: *the ſame ſimilitude in* Virgil.

145.

With glewy wax ſome new foundation lay
Of Virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors, upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

146.

So here, ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old Okum through each ſeam & rift:
Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,
The ratling Mallet with the right they lift.

147.

With boiling Pitch another near at hand [ſtops :
(From friendly *Sweden* brought) the ſeams in-
Which well paid o'r the ſalt-Sea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

148.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby Marling bind,
Or ſear-cloth Maſts with ſtrong Tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their eaſe or ſtifneſs notes.

149.

Our careful Monarch ſtands in Perſon by,
His new-caſt Canons firmneſs to explore :
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And Ball and Cartrage ſorts for every bore.

150.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of Arms and Men,
And Ships which all laſt VVinter were abrode :
And ſuch as fitted ſince the Fight had been,
Or new from Stocks were fall'n into the Road.

151. The

151.

The goodly *London* in her gallant trim,
(The *Phœnix* daughter of the vaniſh'd old :)
Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in floating gold.
Loyal London *deſcrib'd.*

152.

Her Flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the wind,
And ſanguine Streamers ſeem the floud to fire :
The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom de-[ſign'd,
Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

153.

With roomy decks, her Guns of mighty ſtrength,
(Whoſe low-laid mouthes each mounting billow [laves :)
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a Sea-waſp flying on the waves.

154.

This martial Preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The Loyal City give their beſt-lov'd King :
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

155.

By viewing Nature, Natures Hand-maid, Art,
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart
Their tail the Rudder, and their head the Prow.

Digreſſion concerning Shipping and Navigation.

156.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters ſwam
An uſeleſs drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, firſt a floating trough became,
And croſs ſome Riv'let paſſage did begin.

157.

In ſhipping ſuch as this the *Iriſh Kern*,
And untaught *Indian*, on the ſtream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd Boats to ſtem the floud did learn,
Or fin-like Oars did ſpread from either ſide.

158.

Adde but a Sail, and *Saturn* ſo appear'd,
When, from loſt Empire, he to Exile went,
And with the Golden age to *Tyber* ſteer'd,
Where Coin & firſt Commerce he did invent.

159. Rude

159.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;
No uſeful Compaſs or Meridian known:
Coaſting, they kept the Land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar [ſhone.

160.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open Sea, [won:
Then the bold *Engliſh* none more fame have
Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'ns high-way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no Sun.
(*f*) Extra anni ſoliſque vias. *Virg.*

161.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor man-kinds benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this Age to *Britain* firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162.

The Ebbs of Tydes, and their myſterious flow,
We, as Arts Elements ſhall underſtand:
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
Whoſe paths ſhall be familiar as the Land.

163. Inſtructed

163.

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick Commerce;
By which remoteſt Regions are alli'd:
Which makes one City of the Univerſe,
VVhere ſome may gain, and all may be ſuppli'd.
(τ) *By a more exact knowledge of Longitudes.*

164.

Then, we upon our Globes laſt verge ſhall go,
And view the Ocean leaning on the ſky:
From thence our rolling Neighbours we ſhall know.
And on the Lunar world ſecurely pry.

165.

This I fore-tel, from your auſpicious care,
VVho great in ſearch of God and Nature grow:
VVho beſt your wiſe Creator's praiſe declare,
Since beſt to praiſe his works is beſt to know.
Apoſtrophe to the Royal Society.

166.

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,
And rule of beings in your Makers mind,
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Idea's draw,
To fit the level'd uſe of humane kind.

167.

But firſt the toils of war we muſt endure,
And, from th'Injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

168.

Already were the *Belgians* on our coaſt,
Whoſe Fleet more mighty every day became,
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſly boaſt,
And now, by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

169.

Deſigning, ſubtil, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage War with wiſe delay:
Yet all thoſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor ſtaid the *Engliſh* long: but, well ſuppli'd,
Appear as numerous as th'inſulting foe.
The Combat now by courage muſt be tri'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver Nation ſhow.

171.

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come in,
Which in the *Straights* laſt Winter was abroad:
Which twice on *Biſcay*'s working Bay had been,
And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

172.

Old expert *Allen*, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* Fleet,
And *Holmes*, whoſe name ſhal live in Epique Song,
While Muſick Numbers, or while Verſe has [Feet.

173.

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'rals fight, [Gold:
VVho firſt bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny*
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman*'s ſight
The tempting fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174.

VVith him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,
VVhom his high courage to command had [brought:
Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

175. Young

175.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muſe* by *Mars* begot,
Born, *Ceſar*-like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal ſhot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

176.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
VVhoſe deeds ſome nobler Poem ſhall adorn:
And, though to me unknown, they, ſure, fought [well,
VVhom *Rupert* led, and who were *Britiſh* born.

177.

Of every ſize an hundred fighting Sail,
So vaſt the Navy now at Anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd waters fail,
And, with its weight, it ſhoulders off the Tydes.

178.

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men ſhout [ſhrill,
That Heav'n & Earth and the wide Ocean rings:
A breeze from VVeſtward waits their ſails to fill,
And reſts, in thoſe high beds, his downy wings.

179. The

179.

The wary *Dutch* this gathering ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the *Engliſh* coaſt:
Behind their treach'rous ſhallows they withdraw,
And their lay ſnares to catch the *Britiſh* Hoaſt.

180.

So the falſe Spider, when her Nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie:
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtrugling Fly.

181.

Then, if at laſt, ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth, and runs along her Loom:
She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

182.

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run:
Or, if with caution leiſurely were paſt,
Their numerous groſs might charge us one by

183. But,

183.

But, with a fore-wind puſhing them above, [low,
And ſwelling tyde that heav'd them from be-
O'r the blind flots our warlike Squadrons move,
And, with ſpread ſails, to welcome Battel go.

184.

It ſeem'd as there the *Britiſh Neptune* ſtood,
With all his hoſt of waters at command,
Beneath them to ſubmit th'officious floud: [ſand.
"And, with his Trident, ſhov'd them off the

(u) Levat ipſe Tridenti, & vaſtas aperit Syrtes, &c. *Virg.*

185.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like Murderers when Ghoſts appear,
And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186.

Now Van to Van the formoſt Squadrons meet,
The midmoſt Battels haſting up behind,
VVho view, far off, the ſtorm of falling Sleet,
And hear their thunder ratling in the wind.

Second Battel.

187. At

187.

At length the adverſe Admirals appear: [right)
(The two bold Champions of each Countries
Their eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of every ſize,
The Linſtocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires:
The vig'rous Sea-man every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

189.

Fierce was the fight on the proud *Belgians* ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldome ſought before:
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ti'd,
And forc'd, at leaſt in ſhow, to prize it more.

190.

But ſharp remembrance on the *Engliſh* part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe:
Rouze conſcious vertue up in every heart,
[w] And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo.

(w) Poſſunt quia poſſe videntur. *Virg.*

191. Nor

191.

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet ſuſtain,
Which did two Gen'rals fates, and *Ceſar*'s bear.
Each ſeveral Ship a victory did gain,
As *Rupert* or as *Albemarl* were there.

192.

Their batter'd Admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his *Dutch* Maſters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd ſflight.

193.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to flie:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if to praiſe them all the States ſtood by.

194.

O famous Leader of the *Belgian* Fleet,
Thy Monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear
As *Verro*, timely flying, once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his *Rome* deſpair.

195.

Behold that Navy which a while before
Provok'd the tardy *Engliſh* to the fight,
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As Larks lie dar'd to ſhun the Hobbies flight.

196.

Who ere would *Engliſh* Monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

197.

Or if too buſily they will enquire
Into a victory which we diſdain:
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire
Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

(x) *Patron Saint*: St. James, *on whoſe day this victory was gain'd.*

198.

Repenting *England* this revengeful day
To *Philip's* Manes did an off'ring bring.
England, which firſt, by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up Rebellion to deſtroy her King.

(y) Philip's *Manes*: Philip *the ſecond, of* Spain, *againſt whom the* Hollanders *revolting, were aided by* Queen Elizabeth.

199. Our

199.

Our Fathers bent their baneful induſtry
To check a Monarchy that ſlowly grew:
But did not *France* or *Holland's* fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing pow'r to ſwift Dominion flew.

200.

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs deſtiny:
Whoſe dark reſorts ſince prudence cannot know.
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be.

201.

But what ere *Engliſh* to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth *Harry* or firſt *Orange* meet:
Find him diſowning of a *Burbon* foe,
And him deteſting a *Batavian* Fleet.

202.

Now on their coaſts our conquering Navy rides,
Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land be-
[ſets:
Each day new wealth without their care provides,
They lie aſleep with prizes in their nets.

203.

So, close behind some Promontory lie
The huge Leviathans t' attend their prey:
And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

204.

Nor was this all: in Ports and Roads remote,
Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send:
Triumphant flames upon the water flote,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Burning of the Fleet in the Vly *by Sir* Robert Holmes.

205.

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,
Each vessel fraighted with a several load:
Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206.

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gawds the simple Natives wear:
Some for the pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,
For folded *Turbans* finest *Holland* bear.

207.

Some *Engliſh* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
And into Cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made:
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
To ruine with worſe ware our ſtaple Trade.

208.

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,
Smiles on the booty of each wealthier Cheſt:
And, as the Prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

209.

But ah! how unſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from Heav'n, like Lightning make no ſtay:
Their falling taſte the journeys length deſtroys,
Or grief, ſent poſt, o'r-takes them on the way.

Tranſitum *to the Fire of* London.

210.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the Foe,
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power to croſs:
We urge an unſeen Fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with *Engliſh* loſs.

211.

Each Element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruines with a ſmile or frown;
Who as by one he did our Nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

212.

Yet, *London*, Empreſs of the Northern Clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
[z] Great as the worlds, which at the death of time
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

(z) Quum mare quum tellus correptaque regia Cœli, ardeat, &c. *Ovid.*

213.

As when ſome dire Uſurper Heav'n provides,
To ſcourge his Country with a lawleſs ſway:
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty Village hides,
And ſets his Cradle out of Fortune's way:

214.

Till fully ripe his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on:
His Prince ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

215. Such

215.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to Palaces and Temples ſpread.

216.

The diligence of Trades and noiſeful gain,
And luxury, more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the nights, and in her ſilent reign,
No ſound the reſt of Nature did invade.

217.

In this deep quiet, from what ſcource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe:
And firſt, few ſcatt'ring ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruine roſe.

218.

Then, in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And, ſmouldring as it went, in ſilence fed:
Till th'infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219.

Now, like ſome rich or mighty Murderer,
To great for priſon, which he breaks with gold:
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

220.

So ſcapes th'inſulting fire his narrow Jail,
And makes ſmall out-lets into open air:
There the fierce winds his open force aſſail,
And beat him down-ward to his firſt repair.

221.

The winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them
And, every freſh attempt, he is repell'd [more:
With faint denials, weaker then before.

(a) *Like crafty, &c.* Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.

222.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with inrag'd deſire:
O'r-looks the neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every houſe his threatning fire.

223. The

223.

The Ghoſts of Traitors, from the *Bridge* deſcend,
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:
About the fire into a Dance they bend,
And ſing their Sabbath Notes with feeble voice.

224.

Our Guardian Angel ſaw them where he ſate
Above the Palace of our ſlumbring King,
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft look back upon the wing.

225.

At length the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze,
Call'd up ſome waking Lover to the ſight:
And long it was ere he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

226.

The next to danger, hot purſu'd by fate,
Half cloth'd, half naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted Mother ſtrike their breaſts, too late,
For helpleſs Infants left amidſt the fire.

227.

Their cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near:
Now murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, men juſtle as they meet.

228.

So weary Bees in little Cells repoſe:
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd Hive,
An humming through their waxen City grows,
And out upon each others wings they drive.

229.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſie as by day:
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire:
Some cut the Pipes, and ſome the Engines play,
And ſome more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

230.

In vain: for, from the Eaſt, a *Belgian* wind,
His hoſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent:
The flames impell'd, ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

231.

A Key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
[b] And lighten'd all the River with the blaze:
The waken'd Tydes began again to roar,
And wond'ring Fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

(b) Sigæa igni freta lata relucent. *Virg.*

231.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of *Simois* would return:
Deep in his *Ooze* he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his Urn.

233.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader groſs,
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the ſtreets, & ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th'other ſide.

234.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take:
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length, grown ſtrong, their Mother fire forſake,
And a new Collony of flames ſucceed.

235.

To every nobler portion of the Town,
The curling billows roul their reſtleſs Tyde:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As Armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

236.

One mighty Squadron, with a ſide wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd tire does haſte:
By pow'rful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The *Lombard* Banquers and the *Change* to waſte.

237.

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' Imperial Palace is deſign'd.

238.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke,
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place:
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks that drive againſt his Sacred Face.

240.

More then his Guards his ſorrows made him [known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did [ſhow'r:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own:
(So much the pity of a King has pow'r.)

241.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love.
For never Prince in grace did more excel,
Or Royal City more in duty ſtrove.

242.

Nor with an idle care did he behold: [dreſs.)
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs muſt re-
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

243. Himſelf

243.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring.
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an Army worthy ſuch a King.

244.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes, all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That Country which would, elſe, the foe main-tain.

245.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipices brinck retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'r the breach in unctuous vapours flie.

247.

Part ſtays for paſſage till a guſt of wind
Ships o'r their forces in a thining ſheet:
Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

248.

Thus, to ſome deſart plain, or old wood ſide,
Dire night has come from far to dance their round:
And o'r brode Rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clowds above the blaſted ground.

249.

No help avails: for, *Hydra*-like, the fire,
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way.
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

250.

The rich grow ſuppliant, & the poor grow proud.
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe ask more.
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruine may increaſe their ſtore.

251.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And, from the Rocks, leap down for ſhipwrack'd [Gold,
And ſeek the Tempeſt which the others flie.

252.

So theſe but wait the Owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade:
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And, on their backs, the ſpoils of *Vulcan* lade.

253.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary King gave place to night,
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

254.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the gen'ral doom:
Where Souls diſtracted when the Trumpet blows
And half unready with their bodies come.

255. Thoſe

255.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do re-[pair
To a laſt lodging call their wand'ring friends.
Their ſhort uneaſie ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

256.

Thoſe who have none ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

257.

Some ſtir up coals and watch the Veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruine run:
And, while through burning Lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would [ſhun.

258.

The moſt, in fields, like herded beaſts lie down;
To dews obnoxious on the graſſie floor:
And while their Babes in ſleep their ſorrows [drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

259.

While by the motion of the flames they ghefs
What ſtreets are burning now, & what are near:
An Infant, waking, to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

260.

No thought can eaſe them but their Sovereign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th'afflicted as their comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life a bleſſing under ſuch a King.

261.

Mean time he ſadly ſuffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſuppli'd, and he may want.

262.

O God, ſaid he, thou Patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs! [ways
Who me unfriended, brought'ſt by wondrous
The Kingdom of my Fathers to poſſeſs.

263.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care
I ſince have labour'd for my People's good:
To bind the bruiſes of a Civil War,
And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting bloud.

264.

Thou, who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompenſe, as friends the good, miſled;
If mercy be a Precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy Servant's head.

265.

Or, if my heedleſs Youth has ſtept aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand:
On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay, [Land.
But take thy judgments from this mourning

266.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at firſt we came:
Like flying ſhades before the clowds we ſhow,
And ſhrink like Parchment in conſuming flame.

267.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done, [ſtreet,
When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd through every
With poiſon'd darts, which not the good could
The ſpeedy could out-fly, or valiant meet. [ſhun.

268.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclam'd thy wrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd agen [trace.
Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings

269.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
Or bind thy ſentence unconditional:
But in thy ſentence our remorce foreſee,
And, in that foreſight, this thy doom recall.

270.

Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou maiſt revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
Continue ſtill thy ſelf to give the ſtroke,
And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy Land.

271.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire,
Choſe out the Cherub with the flaming ſword:
And bad him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our Naval Magazins were ſtor'd.

272.

The bleſſed Miniſter his wings diſplai'd,
And like a ſhooting Star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd,
He laſh'd to duty with his ſword of light.

273.

The fugitive flames, chaſtis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd:
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was [heard.

274.

The wanting Orphans ſaw, with watry eyes,
Their Founders charity in duſt laid low:
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
(For he protects the poor who made them ſo.)

275.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers praise:
Though made immortal by a Poet's Song;
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could raise.

276.

The dareing flames peep't in and saw from far,
The awful beauties of the Sacred Quire:
But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey.
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If onely ruine must enlarge our way.

278.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes,
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

279.

In th' Empyrean Heaven, (the bleſs'd abode)
The Thrones and the Dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God:
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

280.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt:
He ſaw the Town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames give on to ſtorm the reſt.

281.

An hollow chryſtal Pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a brode Extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry ſtrove.

282.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding, ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold Genius ſhows again his face,
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283.

Our King this more then natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the [earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain:
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with pro- [miſ'd grain:

285.

By ſuch degrees, the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart, which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

286.

The Father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's Annointed God's own place ſuppli'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

287.

This Royal bounty brought its own reward,
And, in their minds, ſo deep did print the ſenſe:
That if their ruines ſadly they regard, [thence.
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him

289.

But ſo may he live long, that Town to ſway,
Which by his Auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruines now forſake.
Cities requeſt to the King not to leave them.

290.

They have not loſt their Loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

291.

Not with more conſtancy the *Jews* of old,
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile ſent:
Their Royal City did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

292.

The utmoſt malice of their Stars is paſt, [Town,
And two dire Comets which have ſcourg'd the
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their
Or, dimly, in their ſinking ſockets frown. [laſt,

293.

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd *Jove* from his dark priſon freed:
(Thoſe weights took off that on his Planet hung)
Will glorioufly the new laid work ſucceed.

294.

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,
I ſee a City of more precious mold:
Rich as the Town which gives the [c] *Indies* name,
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

(c) *Mexico.*

295.

Already, Labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mounting brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her Charters date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

296.

More great then humane, now, and more [d] *Auguſt*,
New deifi'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And, opening, into larger parts ſhe flies.

(d) Auguſta, *the old name of* London.

297.

Before, ſhe like ſome Shepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſate to bathe her by a River's ſide:
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern pride.

298.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, ſhe will behold,
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:
The Eaſt with Incenſe, and the Weſt with Gold,
Will ſtand, like Suppliants, to receive her doom.

299.

The ſilver *Thames*, her own domeſtick Floud,
Shall bear her Veſſels, like a ſweeping Train;
And often wind (as of his Miſtreſs proud)
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

300.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
The glory of their Towns no more ſhall boaſt:
And *Sein*, That would with *Belgian* Rivers joyn,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and Traffick loſt.

301.

The vent'rous Merchant, who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore:
Charm'd with the ſplendour of this Northern Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

302.

Our pow'rful Navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:
The beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her Trade.

303.

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
The *Britiſh* Ocean ſhall ſuch triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe who now diſdain our Trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coaſt.

304. Already

304.

Already we have conquer'd half the War,
And the leſs dang rous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

305.

Thus to the Eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go;
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A conſtant Trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spicy ſhore.

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